

The flowers of the heart, when blighted

by deceit, never bloom again.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED!

TO exchange some accounts for CASH. Those disposed to trade, will please call at WILLIAMS' DAQUERREAN ROOMS, during the present month.

✂ A few old ones must be disposed of same way.

Nov 7, 1855 1825

THAT'S A FACT.

MANKIND in general is, in general, hard upon mankind, and in these general remarks, I add that all persons of whatsoever color, indebted to me, must pay up by the 1st day of January, certain or not, I'll be the last man to leave their bedsides.

N. NEESEY

Shelby, Ky. Nov. 7, 1855. 1855

EMINENCE FAIR FOR 1856
THE Stockholders in the Union Agricultural and Mechanical Association are requested to meet in **EMINENCE, on the FIRST SATURDAY** of the month of **DECEMBER**, to make out and vote on a Bill of Premiums for the next Annual Fair. A full meeting is desired. By order of the Board of Directors, **W. S. HELM, Secretary.**

Nov. 7, 1855

WHEAT AND RYE.
I AM prepared to pay the highest market price, for **CASH**, for **WHEAT** and **RYE**, delivered, by carload, at **JOHN T. STUART**, Louisville, corner of Market and Clay streets, Louisville, October 10, 1855. 1855

WATCHES
CLOCKS, **NEED JEWELRY** repaired in the best manner. **SILVERWARE**, of the best quality, made to order. **W. S. STUART**, Louisville, Ky. 1855

At his old stand Main street, Shelby 1855

Aug. 22, 1855 1855

EVERGREEN NURSERIES.
HOBBS, WALKER & CO. offer for sale during the present fall and next spring an unusual assortment of

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES,
Shrubby, &c., all of their own growth, healthy, vigorous, and of good size, at prices as liberal as such trees can be had in the United States. Having established a large and extensive nursery, we are now in a position to give all who give them, perfect satisfaction, and will be glad that persons desiring any thing in their kind will call on us, or send their orders must be accompanied by cash or reference on short time. Descriptive Catalogues are sent on application to us, addressed to **Williamson Post Office, Shelby, Ky.**

The leading articles of our stock consist of
20,000 to 30,000 Apple trees, standards and dwarfs;
8,000 Peach trees, strong and well grown;
1,000 standard Pears;
3,000 dwarf Pears, 1 to 3 years old, extra fine.

Plums, Apricots, Quinces, &c.;

20,000 Catalpa tree, vines, 1 and 2 years old;
10,000 Grape vines, of various sizes, healthy
and well formed.

Also genuine red and yellow Antwerp Raspber-
ries, Strawberry Plants, and Ice Hybrid Per-
fumers.

October 24, 1855. ms823

A NEW SUPPLY!

The undersigned would respectfully
call attention to his very lately receiv-
ed assortment of

WINTER HATS AND CAPS.

Of the latest style, and which he will sell at prices
which cannot fail to be agreeable.

HAMILTON FRAZIER.
She-Hyville, Ky., Sept. 6, 1854. 100-764

G. W. RAMSEY,
MERCHANT, She-Hyville, Ky., would
respectfully inform his friends and the gen-
eral public that he is now in receipt of his spring stock
of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS
of every shade and cut, and at prices so low as to be col-
lected with great ease in the city of New York.

and will be sold by the pattern or made to order in style that cannot be surpassed by any. All I ask my friends and the public is to call and examine for themselves.

May 2, 1855

G. W. RAMSEY.
H798

WM. WILCOCK. GEO. H. ROGERS. THOS. F. FRALE

STRAW GOODS.

W. A. ROGERS & FEALTY, nominating and electing dealers in
STRAW BONNETS and HATS, No. 223 Mar-
ket, and 50 Commerce street, Philadelphia.
Also, a large assortment of hats, hats and
Fancy Bonnets, Panama, Leghorn and Palm-
leaf Hats, Straw Trimmings, and Artificial Flowers,
Cats and Fur Goods of all descriptions.
April 25, 1870. 100-200

FURNITURE.
I will take this method of informing the citizens of
Shelbyville and vicinity that I have opened a store of
the above kind and now have on hand a good stock
as follows:
Bedsteads, from the finest to the cheapest;
Bureaus, Wardrobes, Wash-stands;
Dining and coffee Tables; Yn Scais;
Sofas, &c. &c. &c.
A large assortment of cane and wood seat Chairs
Rockers, &c. Also, every variety of Mattresses
&c. &c. &c.

I hope, by prompt attention to the wants of the public, to receive a liberal patronage.
 Any article desired will be ordered.
CHAS. DRAKE,
Agent for J. A. Dickinson, Louisville
 June 13, 1855 1804

Drugs, Groceries, &c.

JOSEPH HALL,
 DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND DYESTUFFS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE Shelbyville, Ky., would respectfully call the attention of his customers and the community generally to his unusually large and well selected stock, which comprises almost everything usually kept in such establishments; and which he proposes to sell at low prices, *for cash*, or on usual time to punctual dealers.

Persons who are in the habit of buying at Louisville, would do well to give him a call, as he believes

that he can sell them goods *as low* as they can buy them in Louisville—carriage and expenses to be added, of course.

He keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of pure **Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs,** and **Popular Patent Medicines** of all kinds.

Feb 2, 1854

JOSEPH HALL.

too736

Cedar Ware.
I HAVE just received a large and well assorted lot of superior CEDAR WARE, consisting of buckets, pails, tubs, keelers, churns, &c. The attention of the community is respectfully requested.
JOSEPH HALL.
JUN 4. 1855 807

15	10 half do do do 10 kegs Golden Syrup;	J. HALL.
25	SACKS RIO COFFEE; 10 do Java and Laguayra;	J. HALL.
15	HHDS. N. O. SUGAR; 20 bbls crushed and powdered do, for sale by	J. HALL.

50 BOXES MOULD CANDLES;
50 " Star " "
For sale by J. HALL.

HYDROPIPER.—1 gross of this very valuable
medicine, just received and for sale by
JOSEPH HALL.

A SMALL lot of DOUBLE-BARREL SHOT

SALE of GUNS a good article, just received, and for sale at Louisville retail prices, by **J. HALL.**

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale *strictly for medicinal purposes*, a very superior article of French BRANDY, Jamaica RUM, Holland GIN, Port and Madeira WINES, and old Rye and Corn WHISKY. **JOSEPH HALL.**

1000 KEYS NAILS, assorted, just received per

100 steamer Highflyer, and for sale by
JOS. HALL.

HARDWARE. All kinds of Building Hardware: Knob, chest, trunk, drawer, pad and plate Locks, in great variety; butt, parliament, table and brass Hinges; Screws, of all sizes; mill, cross cut, hand, panel, rip and tenant Saws; Planes, one Plane Irons, of all kinds; Augurs and Augur Bits;

Braces and Bits; socket and firmer Chisels; broad,
hand and chopping Axes; Blacksmith's Rasps and
Files; mill, cross cut, rip and hand saw Files; table
and pocket Cutlery; Trace Chains; Spades; Shovels;
garden Rakes; Hoes; Manure Forks &c., &c., for
sale by
HALL.

The Shelby News.

AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.

The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest newspaper published in Kentucky. Terms: \$2 in advance; \$2 50, payable within 30 days after date of subscription; all other subscriptions will be due and chargeable with interest.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1855.

HENRY WARD BEECHER BELOW PAR.—This celebrity has brought down upon himself the just contempt of high minded people. He wanted to raise some money, and hired himself out to a Mr. Wells as a travelling lecturer. The people did not fancy the idea of a distinguished clergyman descending from his pulpit, and leaving himself to a travelling showman, to be exhibited as a Barmen exhibited his monkeys and other animals, at so much a sight; and therefore, instead of crowds going to hear Mr. Beecher, his showman found, at Columbus, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, etc., a "beggarly account of empty boxes." The consequence is, there has been one grand failure, all around.

A JUDGMENT.—Jas. W. Crofford, who was formerly a Philadelphia printer, in a Democratic speech delivered at Benicia, California, in 1854, said: "If I ever desert the Democratic party, may my right arm be withered!" In the course of time he became a Know Nothing, and at the election in California last month was elected to the State Senate by a majority of about one hundred votes, and on the very day of the election he fell from his horse and broke his right arm.

We find the above paragraph going the round of the anti-American press. Assuming the statements true—though we are too incredulous to believe them—is it to be understood that in anti-American vocabulary "wither" and "broken" mean the same? If not, how can that be called a "judgment" which was only a casualty? And if it were a judgment on him, for deserting the Democratic party, how did it happen that he did desert the party? But was deferred until after he had been elected to office? Those who so boldly assert, that the breaking of his arm was the judgment he wished, if he deserted the Democratic party, should surely be enabled to say, why the judgment was not executed at the time the act to call it forth was committed; and for what purpose it was deferred for several months, and then executed by means so natural that it seems a terrible stretch of imagination to infer that the breaking of his arm was in answer to his wish that it might wither?

If judgments were the order of the day for lying, we do not think the anti-American papers would long have unbroken necked Editors, if they received their deservings.

Effrontery.—Some of the anti-American papers of this State have the bald effrontery to talk of "the Democracy," warring against the Black Republicans of the North. Do these papers suppose, that the people cannot read, and ascertain for themselves that the Black Republicans elected CHASE, the recent Democratic U. S. Senator from Ohio, Governor of that State?—Can the people not read the avowals of the "Democratic" organ of Ohio—the "Columbus Statesman"—that "the strong Democratic countries all went for CHASE, and elected him," while the American candidate, TRIMBLE, got the National American, the National Whig, and the National Democratic vote? Can the people not see, that the Black Republicans are every where arrayed side by side—cheek by jowl, with the Democracy against the American party?

The fact is, the Black Republicans were organized into a party by the Free Soil Democracy—the Administration party, for the sole purpose of opposing and breaking down the American organization. This is openly avowed in their circulars and in their presses, and by their stump speakers. They call as the "slave oligarchy,"—the allies of the Southern slave breeders." But the Democracy—the chief ingredients of which are the foreigners and aliens of the country, and the office holders under Pierce, are the allies of the Black Republicans. Both stand upon the same platform—the platform of the Van Buren party of 1848-1855—unremitted and unremitted hostility now and forever to the admission of any more States recognizing the domestic institutions of the South; or to the introduction of negroes as slaves into any of the territories belonging to the United States.

These are indisputable facts; what arrogant effrontery then, for the anti-American press of Kentucky to prate about the Democracy being engaged in a warfare against the Black Republicans!—As well might they tell the people the British were engaged in a warfare against the French.

THE CROPS IN UTAH.—Dr. Bernhisel, the Delegate to Congress from Utah, who recently arrived in New York, reports a very satisfactory state of things among the Mormons. The Doctor says: During his sojourn in Utah he visited the southern settlements, and expresses himself as being very much gratified with the position of affairs generally. One wing of the State House in Fillmore city was near completed, mills and machinery were being erected, farms and every kind of improvement progressing rapidly; there was a general state of health, and the people seemed to enjoy themselves well. The crops, he informs us, are about as we have before represented them. Wheat will be rather scarce. Buckwheat had been sown, however, after the destruction of the wheat by the grasshopper; and there will be a good crop; potatoes and other vegetables will be very plentiful, especially if they should not be injured by early frosts. The Doctor smiled on hearing the reports hereabout starvation; he said that was news to him; they had not dreamed of it there.

AMERICAN PLATE GLASS.—All of our largest size heavy plate glass, has until recently been imported from Europe; but the secret and the ability to manufacture it are now thoroughly in the hands of American mechanics. It is well known that we have materials far superior to those used in France and Germany for the manufacture of these articles, and there are now two or three very heavy establishments in operation in the United States where an exceedingly beautiful article is manufactured.

Thanksgiving Day.—The following is Gov. MOREHEAD's eloquent recommendation of a day of Thanksgiving and Praise: **Proclamation.**

In periods of public calamity or of abundant prosperity, nations have loved to hallow to their Maker. In the first instance to implore His mercy, in the second to offer the sacrifice of grateful hearts for His kindness and protection. Our own history and Commonwealth has heretofore had peculiar cause to be thankful for His never-ceasing mercy and kindness; and now that the nations of the old world are involved in war, wasting their strength on the battle field, and consuming their substance in maintaining exhausting armies, it especially becomes us to realize and be thankful for the blessings we enjoy.

A wisely organized government protects us in the full and unquestioned enjoyment of our civil, political and religious rights. The mantle of peace rests upon our land—a rich and exhaustless soil rewards the labor of the husbandman—our harvests have been abundant beyond example—plenty reigns at home, and our noble streams and artificial improvements are bearing to distant and less favored regions our large and overflowing surplus—health and happiness pervade the State.

For these and other manifold and inestimable gifts and blessings which we have loved to hallow to our Maker, we, the people of this State, do hereby join in thankfulness and praise to the Lord our God, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." "From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised."

Wherefore, I, C. S. MOREHEAD, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 23rd day of November, 1855, as a day of General Thanksgiving and Prayer, and do hereby request the people of Kentucky to observe the same as such.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Commonwealth to be hereunto affixed, this 5th day of November, 1855, and in the 64th year of the Commonwealth.

C. S. MOREHEAD.

By the Governor, MASON BROWN, Secretary of State.

THE BARDSTOWN GAZETTE.—There are few of our country exchanges we read with more pleasure than we do the "Bardstown Gazette." It is always piquant and interesting; and usually treats its contemporaries with due courtesy and respect, no odds how widely it may differ with them on political questions. But we would suggest towards us, in the issue of the 31st ult.,—where it refers to us, as "the News man,"—is in accordance with editorial courtesy and etiquette? There are anti-American papers in Kentucky whose violations of courtesy are habitual, but heretofore the "Gazette" has been above them, and we hope will continue so.

N. B. in the "Bardstown Gazette" of the 17th inst., we find the following notice of us, which evidences that it was from no disrespect, but rather a slip of the pen, that the expression we except to in the article above, found its way into the Gazette: "We must say that the Shelby News is one of the best country newspapers we receive. We have just been looking more carefully than usual over a number of it, and can commend the industry, the patient toil, and the judicious ability displayed in its getting up. What a pity its politics are not more liberal and less hide-bound than they are!"

We tender our thanks to the "Gazette" for its praise of our industry, etc. As to politics, we think it is a great pity that the Gazette is so intensely on the wrong track. Our political Americanism is based upon the doctrines and principles of WASHINGTON and his compatriots. If those principles are illiberal and hide-bound, they are so only to those who are in opposition to the genius of our institutions, and the principles upon which they are based.

Note the Admission.—The Richmond Enquirer, the leading Pierce and Wise organ in Virginia,—and which is endeavoring to rally the South to the support of the coalition formed between the Free-soilers of the North, the politicians at Washington, and the Southern Democracy,—in a recent issue says: "Now, all France and Germany are infidel, socialist, agrarian. England is but little better."—Richmond Enquirer.

We hope this admission will be noted; for (with the exception of Ireland, which is Catholic), it is from these very countries whence come the hordes of foreigners that settle in the United States. We scarcely expected, that the Enquirer,—which has been contending most energetically, that "foreigners are equally capable with Americans of discharging the duties of American citizenship,"—would be so candid as to affirm a fact which needs but to be fully comprehended by the American people to rally every one who is opposed to infidelity, socialism and agrarianism upon the platform of the American party, and in opposition to the anti-American party, whose ranks are led by the "Washington Union," the "Richmond Enquirer," "New York Tribune," "Garrison's Liberator," the "National Era," "Louisville Times" and "Democrat," "Frankfort Yeoman," "Lexington Statesman" &c., as commanded by HENRY A. WISE, Gen. PIERCE, and his Administration, CHASE, DOUGLAS, SUMNER, DIX, WILSON, VAN BUREN, B. L. CLARKE, GIDDINGS, L. W. POWELL, WADE, PRESTON KING, C. A. WICKLIFFE, SEWARD, DAYTON WILSON, and a host of such other political demagogues.

It is plain, we think, that if "all England, France, and Germany, are infidel, socialist, agrarian," the immigrants who come to the U. S. from those countries are "infidels, socialists, agrarians" of necessity. And that such is the fact, is manifest to those who live where these immigrants settle in large bodies. Look at our cities; look at Texas; at those portions of our new States where this class of population abound.—In their midst will infidelity, socialism, and agrarianism be found rampant. And such being the case, with the Richmond Whig we inquire, "whether it is proper that socialists, infidels and agrarians should be admitted to all the rights of American citizenship, just for the asking, and at once? We inquire further, whether it is likely that infidels, socialists and socialists would make good citizens, or whether they are worthy of being intrusted with office and political power as native born Americans? We submit these questions to the candid consideration of every man of every party in this country, and ask him to say if he regards infidels, socialists and agrarians the right sort of material out of which to manufacture American citizens? If he replies in the affirmative, then there is an end to the controversy between us. If in the negative, then we claim his aid and his influence in behalf of the American party, whose grand distinguishing principle is, that Americans only should rule America; because foreigners in the main are improper persons to intrust with a grave responsibility."

AMERICAN PLATE GLASS.—All of our largest size heavy plate glass, has until recently been imported from Europe; but the secret and the ability to manufacture it are now thoroughly in the hands of American mechanics. It is well known that we have materials far superior to those used in France and Germany for the manufacture of these articles, and there are now two or three very heavy establishments in operation in the United States where an exceedingly beautiful article is manufactured.

Mons. GODARD, made a balloon ascension, on the 8th instant, at Louisville, on horseback.

The British Government has made large purchases of gutta percha knapsacks manufactured by the American Gutta Percha Company.

Capt. Geo. R. DAVIDSON, of Frankfort, was in command of one of the companies under Col. WALKER, in his recent expedition, the particulars of which we give in another column.

A call has been issued for the assembling of the National Democratic Committee, at Washington City, on the 8th of January, 1856, to devise arrangements for the ensuing Presidential canvass.

STOCK SALES IN PARIS.—The "Citizen" says the amount of stock offered for sale, on the 5th inst., in Paris, was quite large. Ten auctioneers were kept busy. The aggregate sales, the "Citizen" says, was near or quite \$200,000.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, in a letter to EDWARD CRANDALL, of Pennsylvania, dated October 2d, says,—in speaking of Free-soilism: "If there is anything certain in politics it is (the Free-soil cause) ultimate and permanent success."

And holding these sentiments, he voted the entire Soft Democratic Pierce ticket.

Capt. THOS. STEEL'S fine Canadian stallion, "Snow Storm," died, on his owner's farm, in Franklin county, on the 30th ultimo. There was no superior breeder, nor a finer looking horse in the State, than Snow Storm.

PENALTY OF CARELESSNESS.—On the 31st ultimo, LEWIS STRICKLETT, of Lewis county, in this State, took down his gun for the purpose of shooting a hog. To ascertain if the gun was loaded he placed his foot on the hammer of the lock while he blew in the muzzle. His foot slipped, the gun was discharged, and the ball passed through the back of his head killing him instantly. His age was about twenty-three years.

The Shelby News is on our table for the first time in a long while. The Volunteer has not made its appearance since some time in April and we fear its editor is now wearing crabs. Will Mr. Middleton let us know how the matter stands?—*Maysville Express.*

Well, we can assure the "Express" that "The Shelby News" is mailed regularly to it. As to the "Volunteer," when we can get time to go over to Shelbyville, Indiana, we will inquire "how the matter stands?"

GEORGIA.—The Legislature of Georgia assembled on the 5th. Mr. BAILEY was elected Speaker of the Senate, and Mr. STILES, Speaker of the House; both Democrats. The Governor's message sent in on Tuesday, is very voluminous, and chiefly devoted to State matters, and recommends the Legislature to call a State Convention, in case Congress rejects the application of Kansas for admission into the Union, on the grounds of its being a slave-holding State; in which case the Governor advises the dissolution of the Union, but earnestly hopes that the patriots of the North will avoid such a calamity.

AMERICANIZED CATHOLIC CHURCH.—A letter appears in the "Troy papers from the congregation of St. Peter's church, of that city, which embodies a petition to the Bishop of Albany, which he declined to accept. The congregation therefore appeal to their "individual sovereignty," and elect trustees to manage their affairs in accordance with the laws of New York. The petition to the Bishop stated that the church would raise a revenue of \$6,000 per annum, to be placed in the hands of three trustees, to be chosen by the congregation. The people close their letter by saying that they "have determined to elect a board of trustees, and abide by the consequences."

The Missing Aeronaut.—Nothing has been heard of Mr. WINCHESTER, the gentleman who ascended in a balloon from Norwalk, Ohio, on the 1st ultimo. Mr. JOHN WISE, the veteran aeronaut, thinks he descended in Lake Erie, and was drowned. The Cincinnati Times gives what it thinks may be a clue to mystery. On the day succeeding the ascension, a merchant on Main street informed the Editor, that probably one hundred and fifty persons had collected in the neighborhood of his store to look at some aerial passenger; which at first appeared to be a bird of enormous size, but, after fixing a strongly magnifying telescope upon the object, the opinion was expressed and concurred in by the large number who used the telescope, that it was a balloon, and all were agreed also that it was a wreck, floating about at the mercy of the wind.

PANTALOONS WITHOUT SUSPENDERS.—Professor La Borde, of South Carolina College, in his recent work on Physiology, says:

As the woman has concluded to dispense with shoulder straps, some men, especially in the city, have thought they would prove pantaloons can be worn without suspenders. The men now strut the streets with their pantaloons tightly buttoned, side by side with the women, whose skirts or petticoats are firmly bound around their persons. Upon a fair view the evil is the same in both cases—pressure upon the vital organs, impairment of their proper action, want of development, deformity, disease and premature death.

The New York Phenological Journal says:

As we walked the streets of our city, we saw scores of boys from twelve to sixteen years old with their pants buckled very tightly around their disconnected bodies, preventing growth at this rapidly growing age, and the result is a generation of dyspeptic, pale-faced, puny apologies for men.

PRESIDENTIAL.—The "Georgia Citizen" hoists the name of Hon. JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, of this State, for President, and that of Hon. JERE. CLEMENS, of Alabama, for Vice President.

To Friends.—We renew the request we made a few weeks since, that friends in this county, and in others, would communicate to us all local items of interest; and send us communications on agricultural and other subjects. The Shelby News is daily winning for itself more and more the confidence of the people, not only at home, but abroad; and we intend to spare no labor, nor—as far as our ability will permit—expense, to retain the enviable position it has reached, and make it beyond controversy, the best family paper in the West.

Correspondence of The Shelby News.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 8, 1855.

To the Editor of The Shelby News:

DEAR SIR: We breakfasted at home, in Shelby, on Monday morning, and on Tuesday morning, eat our breakfast here,—losing three hours in Louisville; and thus were introduced to the "Young America" we had read of, but whose residence we entered for the first time; and we must say it out, we liked the young gentleman so well that we felt most anxious to invite him to a soiree in old Kentucky. But finding the only music acceptable to his ears was the steam whistle; and his particular abomination, the plaintive notes of the Kentucky stage-horn, performing the popular State melody, of

"Take your time, Miss Lucy," we concluded not to give the invitation, until it can be done on a card reading,

LOUISVILLE AND KNOXVILLE

RAILROAD

CARS GO THROUGH IN SIX HOURS!

We left Louisville at 3 p.m. Monday afternoon, and were soon flying through a country eminently adapted to the raising of telegraph, hoop, and tad poles; to shakes and hard living; if the tallow hue of the inhabitants could be relied on.—Passing over the better portion of Indiana by night, we, at day-break next morning, found ourselves in Michigan City; where the eye sought in vain for a green spot to rest upon, and the foot sinks ankle deep, in the light yellow sands that the lake winds fill the streets with,—banking them up in great drifts; now upon this side, now upon that; most tiresome to look and tread upon.—In two hours more, we were running through the lake in front of the city of the three G's, viz: the "Garden," the "Great City," and the "Go-ahead City;" and truly all the titles, but the first, are well applied.

High as were the expectations we had formed, in regard to the rush of business at Chicago, (Yankee, Chee-ah-go) they were far exceeded, by every walk, and ride, over its crowded thoroughfares, bridges, and docks,—the vast and numerous depots full of produce, the great number of vessels unloading, reloading, in its docks; the meandering of Chicago river, from the lake through the centre of the town, branching off to the right and the left, as admirably for the wants of a commercial depot, as if its waters had been directed by the hand of man, to each avenue of trade. Then the numberless trains upon sixteen railroads, and their numerous tributaries, laden with the rich stores of the boundless region on every side, that in all its vastness, yet pours in but a tithe of its capabilities; the whistle of locomotives, arriving and departing at all hours of day and night; all contrasting so immeasurably with our own old, foggy, boggy village of Louisville, where a few wren driven and wren driven, to impress us with the idea, that the trade of the great West was concentrating there about pork time, but whose business we fear will fast concentrate down to nothing, unless she begins to use something besides paper to build her schemes upon, and sets steam to work instead of wind.

Can there be chloroform in our atmosphere? Really, it would be well to analyze it. The Kentuckian here is all energy, enterprise, and go-ahead; at home, he is full of gentlemanly leisure.—Here he is a snip and a cut-throat, and a "Yankee" is a "New York," and the hull on "em." He is the keenest lot of jobber, and the wealthiest. He buys lots at prices so high, that the papers, under the caption of "Kentuckians picked up," poke fun at the "green horn;" and in less than a year, he sells said lots to his quizzers, at an immense profit. He is taking the lead in all great new projects; is the owner of immense pine forests in the far north of Wisconsin, and is shipping them, in plank, to build up the northwestern cities. He is awake there, and nothing around him slumbers. He thinks of his old home,—his paradise of all the world, "old Kentucky," he thinks of her all fruitful soil, so lavish in return for every seed sown upon her fair bosom; and sighs as he feels that her soil won't grow steam engines, while the low, flat, wet, sandy, gravelly, inky, soil around him is so prolific of them.—That it can raise steam engines, and steam engines raise wheat, and he rightly begins to think the best field in the world to sow any crop upon is a railroad.

Rents are enormously high: \$800 to \$2,000, being the annual rent of stores very much inferior to any of our Shelbyville store houses; yet they say business justifies these rates. In the crowded hotels you hear of nothing but "outside lots" and "inside lots," "river fronts" and "lake fronts." Almost out of view of the town you are shown lots 25 by 125 feet, a "splendid spec." at \$400 to \$700, on any length of time; provided a small proportion is paid in cash, and 10 per cent. interest on balance. Lots change hands rapidly, and doubtless pass a dozen times before the first of the dozen purchasers has made the second payment. Thus a thousand dollars in Chicago lot gambling will stretch over an immense desolate property, and shake the very severest commercial panic shake the west, with its stretch-outing desolation. Yet Chicago is unquestionably destined to become a great city. Situated, in regard to shipping all the produce of the West to Europe through the Welland Canal, into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at prices New York cannot compete with, and with thousands of miles of fertile country around her, a tenth of which scarcely cultivated, crowds Chicago with over business, what must she become, as each other tenth is secured, and the increase of her population, and her railroads, and shipping? And the settlers are pouring in fast at all quarters of the world, and "Young America" welcomes them all. Yours, X. Y. Z.

Agricultural Essays, Eminence Fair, &c.

To the Editor of The Shelby News:

FRIEND MIDDLETON—I am pleased to see you offering the columns of your valuable paper for the dissemination of useful knowledge for Agriculturists; and at the same time calling upon the farmers of our county, for their practical experience in the production of our various crops, and management of stock, farms, &c.

I have no doubt, my dear sir, you think this communication will be in answer to your call. But no: It is only joining you in calling upon those who are able to give information upon such subjects. I truly wish I were capable of clothing the few ideas I have, in readable style—I would give them. I have thought, sir, if the farmers of our county would organize themselves into clubs, and meet once a month, and give each other the results of their experiments made, and report said results and discussions to the Editor of "The Shelby News," it would, beside making "The News" the most interesting Agricultural sheet in the West, be of incalculable benefit to us farmers.

Our model Agricultural and Mechanical Association at Eminence, a few years since awarded a premium of \$10 for the best Essay upon the culture and management of a corn crop; which brought forth some practical remarks from various writers. At the next meeting of the Association, it was suggested by a member, that, as the ground had been very well occupied by former Essays upon the culture of corn, that the next premium be awarded for the best Essay upon the various crops, the raising of stock, the management of the farm, &c., and of course a resolution to that effect. This move was aldy adopted by one of the board. But, from various causes, the resolution was voted down, and a substitute offered, which passed—awarding a premium of \$5 for another Essay upon the corn crop. Some probably were moved to vote for the reduction of the size of the premium, from fear of disparaging the talents and services of the "Darkey" who feeds a bullock, by giving a premium of equal value to the lazy scamp of a theorist, for an Essay, written without much of the farm, &c.—Others, we presume, voted from principle—who can never vote for a premium being awarded, which they know can never be obtained by themselves. Others, again, no doubt, thought that if the premium was reduced, the theorist would be thrown out, and none but the most plain and practical farmer would compete for so small a premium; and we would obtain, in due time, the best *modus operandi* for raising—Pumpkins!

If the Association would award a premium of \$10, for the best Essay, of a certain length, upon the cultivation, and management of the farm, raising of stock, &c., and \$5 for the second best, we might expect to receive both theory and practice. All productions, competing for premiums, should be, by the committee, handed over to the tender mercies of the Editor of "The Shelby News." Premium Essays, if worthy, should be printed,—without fee. Others,—giving the writers the privilege of withholding their names,—should be printed entire, garbled, condensed, or burnt, at the option of the Editor.—There is no fear of his taking anything into his stomach without tea, that will not digest. If some such course be pursued by the Association, among the many visible improvements made by it, the results of the above would not, we think be the least.

Speaking of our noble Association at Eminence, of the good derived from it, and its character abroad, we may well be proud of it. And if our worthy President and Board of Directors, would see, that there was a strict and impartial enforcement of the constitution and laws of the Association, in forbidding the drinking of spirits upon the Fair Grounds; and, as far as practicable, put a stop to public gaming, and bad swearing before ladies, we would then have the *modus operandi* of the West. It would be a pity that the many good results of our Association should be at the sacrifice of one moral virtue.

Now, my dear Middleton, if you can see anything in this communication, or can make anything out of it, worthy of presenting to your readers, it is at your service.

Dear sir, believe me to be, as usual,

Yours, &c. PLOUGHSHARE.

British Fleet on our Shores.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, telegraphs under date of Monday, November 5th, as follows:

The Administration is profoundly excited by an article in the London Telegraph, of October 19th, transmitted by the legation at London, announcing that the following ships-of-war had been ordered to North America, the West India stations:—The Pembroke, sixty, screw-ship; for Bermuda; the Cornwallis, sixty, screw-ship; for Bermuda; the Russell, sixty, screw-ship; for the Azores, sixty, screw-ship; for the Azores, sixty, screw-ship; to reinforce the North American and West India stations. The Powerful, eighty-four sailing-ship, for Jamaica; the Rossmore, six, paddle sloop, for the North American station. The editors ask: "What does this portend? If we were at war with the United States, we should hardly have a stronger fleet there." The article closes thus: "A quarrel with the United States would cost us twenty millions of trade annually, and at the end of the war, we should leave off without anything settled, and with the loss of the Canadas, the lower or maritime Provinces and the wheat fields. But a toolery of this kind must not be permitted; and if there be a tendency in that direction, we must have parliament summoned as soon as possible. Meantime, we point attention to the fact of such an armament being sent off to the shores of the United States, and ask, as the American ambassador will of course find it his duty to do, for what British purposes has the sending of such an expedition become necessary."

A regular telegraphic despatch from Washington, says that Mr. Appleton, our Charge d'Affaires at London, has transmitted despatches to the State Department, announcing the ordering of a large British fleet to our coast. The French West India fleet has also been augmented.

[The London Times has a thundering article on American affairs, the most important item of which will be found in the foreign news by the Asia.]

This explains the mystery: England is really alarmed at the idea of an expedition of filibustering Irish setting out from our shores to reconquer, regenerate and disenfranchise the "old country." We did not think that the English government was so foolish and weak as to believe in and fear this Irish expedition. We venture to believe that not one person in five, in the United States, knows that such a thing was ever thought of.

A ray of light to the understanding is better than a volume committed to memory.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.—The Cashier of the Augusta Branch of the Bank of the State of Georgia sends the "Carolina Advocate," for description, a \$50 counterfeit bill, which is so near a fac simile of the genuine as to deceive persons accustomed to handling the money. The signatures are perfect; the numbering, the date and the word Augusta poorly done. The engraving is rather coarse, and the paper is thick and yellowish. The genuine are on much thinner and finer paper, and most those now in circulation have red backs; those without such backs having been mostly redeemed by the bank.

Squirrels are making their usual "seventh year" migration, and are said to be destroying the mast in the mountains as they go. Some have reached this section and hunters are quite successful in securing "full bags."—*Maysville Eagle.*

New Grenada! Col. Walker, again Victorious!—The Capital Captured!

NEW YORK Nov. 5.—The Steamship Star of the West, from San Juan, reached her wharf Saturday evening. She brings 300 passengers and 272,650 in gold. Her dates from San Francisco are to the 5th, the same as brought by the George Law. She connected with the steamer Uncle Sam. Her passengers were detained nine days on the Isthmus, in consequence of the existing political troubles. Don Finta May, the late Secretary of State, had been detected in his correspondence with the enemy outside of the city. He was shot at Grenada on the 22d.

Col. Walker, having been reinforced by a small party of Californians, on the 12th ult., embarked at Virgin Bay, on board the steamer Virgin, and before daylight next morning landed within four miles of Grenada. After a rapid advance the little army reached the city, and had manned the plaza without encountering any serious resistance, when a sharp contest ensued, which resulted in a loss to the enemy of 15 killed and several wounded, and Gen. Walker took possession of the capital of Nicaragua. Subsequently the fort was captured by a detachment of Americans.

On the 19th Col. Fry and Parker H. French with sixty men embarked on board the Virgin, which also carried the passengers and specie from California, with the intention of capturing San Carlos. The occupants of the fort, however, fired upon the steamer with cannon, and the expedition was abandoned, Col. Fry being unwilling to risk the lives of passengers.

Order having been restored, the citizens of Grenada held a public meeting and tendered Gen. Walker the Presidency of the Republic, which, however, he declined in favor of Gen. Carral.

Colonel Wheeler, our minister in Central America, after much solicitation, proceeded to Rivas with propositions of peace. Carral was at Rivas and learning that Gen. Carral was absent, Col. Wheeler attempted to return, but was prevented by the Governor, and detained two days; nor was he released until the town was threatened with an attack. The breach of faith on the part of Carral's forces led to a spicy correspondence between our Minister and the General.

On the 23d, Carral surrendered, a treaty of peace was formed, and thus Walker's victory became complete. During the progress of these events others of importance were transpiring. On the 22d, the steamer conveying the outward bound passengers of the Star of the West, was fired upon from the fort with a 32 pound shot, which struck the boat, killing a lady and child, and seriously injuring the machinery.

Previous to this, an attack was made upon the returning Government forces, when five persons were killed and eight others wounded.

FURTHER DETAILS.—Col. Walker's filibustering operations in Nicaragua appeared to be attended by success, if the accounts of his partisans are to be believed. But whether they are or not, they have brought innocent travellers into difficulty, and even caused the death of some.

On the 6th of October Walker seized the steamer La Virgin, as she came into Virgin Bay, and detained her until the arrival of his party, when he proceeded to Grenada, (after permitting the Transit Company to land her freight), which he captured after the loss of ten men. The Grenadians proposed to make him President, but he declined, and suggested that Carral be appointed for the unexpired term of one month.

Wheeler, the American minister, went to see President Carral at the instance of the leading people of Grenada. It is said, to establish a peace between Walker and him, but that functionary refused to permit him to return until two days after, when Walker had gone down to St. George with the Virgin and fired some heavy guns which frightened Carral terribly.

Walker then went to San Carlos, and sending a boat ashore, demanded the surrender of the place. This was declined.—The captain of the Virgin, who carried the demand for a surrender, was taken prisoner and a fire opened upon the steamer. A detachment of riflemen was ashore, but a heavy rain coming on, further operations were abandoned, and Col. Walker went away in the Virgin. About an hour after she left, the steamer San Carlos arrived with the passengers from New York. She was hailed from the fort, but had not let go her anchor more than five minutes, when she was fired upon; an eighteen-pound shot struck the steamer, which passed through the upper deck, instantly killing Mrs. Alex. White, of Clinton, Alameda county, Ala., and took off both legs of her child, which died five or six hours after.

LEFT OR KILLED AT VIRGIN BAY, OCT. 18, 1855. John Boyd, of Wayne county, Indiana, body robbed of \$700. Wm. Howard, of Lexington, Missouri, robbed of several thousands. Henry B. Davis, of Vernon, Van Buren county, Iowa; robbed of over \$2,000. Two reported unknown.

WOUNDED AT VIRGIN BAY.—Wm. Fitts, of Toyon Factory, Chatotago county, Georgia, left shoulder fractured, has since died. Cornelius Cross, Booneville, Cooper county, Missouri, gun shot in right hip, will recover. R. B. Henry, of West Bankville, Missouri, gun shot entering anus and coming out at the rectum, will recover. Thos. Williams, Philadelphia, Pa., bayonet in shoulder and arms and heavy blow on his head with breach of gun, will recover. Charles Stanwood, Lowell, Mass., gun shot through biceps, not serious.

LEFT IN HOSPITAL AT GRENADA.—Theron Wales, South Weymouth, Mass., left shoulder badly fractured, may lose his arm. J. G. Kendrick, Cincinnati, Ohio, gun shot through left breast, will recover. Missing passengers not heard from—25.

DIED ON LA VIRGIN AT GRENADA.—Nicholas Carroll, Marysville, California, formerly of New York city.

IN HOSPITAL.—Wm. Dubois, Great Bend, Susquehanna county, Iowa. Henry M. Hughes, Moose River, Maine, on steamer San Carlos. Michael Fonnannon, Tiffin City, Ohio, gun shot through muscle of side, trifling.

Foreign News.

HALIFAX, Nov. 7, P. M.—By the arrival of the Asia from Liverpool we have dates to the 27th of October.

The report that the Russians had blown up Fort Nicholas, Orskachoff and other fortifications is confirmed. Advances from Sevastopol show that the Allies are advancing in a strong force and that the Russians are falling back in good order upon their fortified positions. The Allies were close upon the Russian position at Albat, where it was thought that they must make a stand, in which case a battle is inevitable. The Russians on the north side keep up a constant fire upon Sevastopol, under cover of which

The Garland.

A DREAM OF EARLY YOUTH.

Within my spirit's depths there lingers yet,
A sacred dream, I never can forget;
A dream, my silent life has never told,
A tale to men, they never shall unfold.

Of all that sorrow hath my heart bereft,
One hope of other days to me is left,
Of all those visions bright forever flown,
One blessed dream still remains my own.

Enchanted still she dwells of sparkling light,
That through the darkness only seems more bright,
The hope of other days seems yet to beam
Upon me, when I think of that bright dream.

Thou'lt find me musing of olden days,
Of all the wild emotions of the past,
As faded legends their fragrance oft retain,
On memory's page ever most remain.

The star that in my joyous childhood shone,
Shines yet, though now, alas! it shines alone!
Forever in the records of the past,
Shall dwell that dream, the brightest and the last.

Miscellaneous.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

Twice Loving.—BY V. F. TOWNSEND.

"Fleming had already lived through the Olive Age."

"Wilton, don't you ever intend to get married?"

"I declare, I'm quite in despair about you."

"Here you are, thirty six years old next February, and a confirmed old bachelor!"

"Why, you ought to have a wife and two or three fine second editions by this time."

"Just think of all the trouble I've had about you too! Rides in the country and promenades in the city; visits at home and parties abroad, all to no purpose."

"I provokes me to think of it. Once for all, Wilton Hughes, you intend to live and die an old bachelor?"

"And the lady, still young and blooming put down with an air of desperation the jewel case with which her fingers had been playing and confronted the gentleman who sat opposite her."

"He, too, laid down his paper, but with an air of languid sang froid, which was particularly irritating, for dinner was just over, and Wilton Hughes always devoted the next half hour to politics and bank stocks."

"Really, Sara," he replied and his coolness was in a strange contrast with his sister's vehemence. "I cannot answer you, for whether I shall depart from this life in a state of single or double blessedness is still an indefinite matter to myself."

"You shall be apprised of my decision when I make it. Meantime, my dear sister, I recommend that you give yourself no further uneasiness on the subject."

"You are the most provoking being alive, Wilton," ejaculated the lady as she rose up.

"I believe you are as heartless as you are sarcastic, and I shall never put another woman in danger of breaking her heart for you."

"And the rustic of Mrs. Hill's brother silk was an emphatic premonition of her anger."

"Wilton Hughes leaned back in his chair, and half closed his eyes. Now he sits there all alone, his face cushioning into fine relief by the dark velvet cushioning, while he looks at it, for his countenance is something more than a book with a date."

"It is not a handsome face; and yet it will win upon you strangely. The features are too long and thin for masculine beauty; the forehead is broad and thick masses of hair about it; the lips are thin, and in repose stern and grave; by you should see them when they are in the light of one of his smiles. 'Thirty six next February' his sister said. You never believe he was more than twenty eight, looking into his face."

"But as the man sits there, his thoughts wander off on a long journey. It may be his sister's words—it may be the dim quiet of the room—have started them on a path which reaches away over the grave yards of many dead and buried years, to a far country—the land of his youth."

"It is an old farm house that he sees now; the sloping roof is covered with moss, and in the spring the weeds take root among the eaves and make a long green fringe on the edge of the roof. He has not seen the old home since that night when he learned to look; how the cold, proud man's mouth quivers, and his fingers clutch the paper, for that night has come out to meet him. It was 'laid away, and locked up,' he thought, where it would never find a path into the present, but now, as some old friend—over whose death we have wept and prayed—comes back and takes our hand, and the seat by our side, and looks into our eyes with the old smile, and whispers, 'It was all false; it was not dead.' So this night came back, like a big presence, and took its seat by Wilton Hughes."

"He saw her again, the only woman who had ever troubled the depths of his soul, as he saw her then, with her shining golden hair, and her hazel eyes, as sweet a picture as ever the heart of man framed and housed up in the past. They had just returned from a long ride in the country, and they stood by the gate. He had assisted her to alight, and still retain her little fingers in his own."

"A young moon was mounting over the forest, and the light lay soft and end in the hollows and along the road side."

"He was only nineteen then, and it was the tenth of July! His heart would keep those two dates till it took up the last one—Eternity."

"He remembered how, standing there, he leaned down to her, and putting away the cluster of curls under her bonnet, said, 'I shall not be here again till the hollows are as full of snow as the roof of Mary's!'"

"She looked up to him, her dear eyes shining fondly through her tears. 'Wilton'—how the memory of her voice thrilled his heart—'Wilton, you may trust me! and it was not the words so much as the look, which filled his soul with such trust, that if an angel had spoken from Heaven he would have believed no more fully. He remembered the last kiss, and that his eyes were dim as he gazed into the carriage, and the red house with the weeds growing on its edge."

"He had never blamed her—not even when the blind darkness of the great sorrow settled upon the morning of his life—when he learned that she was another's and his heart grew dead within him."

"He knew she was true, and that was a great blessing; for friends had deceived her, and she, who was the altar, believing that Wilton was false to her."

"Mary's family was a poor and proud one; so was Wilton's."

"When the rich man came and laid his wealth and social elevation at the feet of the country girl, her parents looked off on the little yellow cottage, which was Wilton's home, and said, 'Our child shall be the wife of the rich man!'"

"But Mary was true, God bless her! and there was a long web of deceit and falsehood woven about her heart before she yielded to their entreaties. He learned all too late."

"And then Wilton Hughes went out into the world, and did good battle with it. He educated himself; he elevated his family; and at thirty-five he was a rich man."

"He had but two sisters; and when his parents died they came to the city and married rich men. Proud, fashionable, elegant women they were—admired their brother, because the world did so, and yet dreaming little of the spring of poetry, whose clear waters gushed through and kept green the heart, so hidden from them. They called him odd, not less fastidious, and could not understand why he was so indifferent to women, with whom his graceful, half-indolent manner made him an especial favorite."

"Wilton Hughes lived with his sister—Mrs. Hill. She was the younger and perhaps he loved her the better of the two. But there was no sympathy between them. He was a mystery, and a very provoking one, sometimes to her; and she was to him like a book which one admires for the elaborate binding and gilded edges, but knows there is but little inside after all."

"And so Wilton Hughes sat there alone in his sister's drawing-room that winter afternoon, and the old years came up softly and sang a sweet song to him—a song of youth, and love, and hope—and he found after all, that the past still kept some pearls with which to quiver the present."

"It was quite late when he came back again to the paper and arm chair; and he smiled a sweet half-mournful smile to himself as he looked at his watch and murmured:—"

"'What time steals these reveries are! I guess I'll finish up those letters, and not go out till after supper.'"

"It was a raw winter night. Wilton Hughes stepped back for his umbrella, for he knew, as the wind met his face, it was going ready to snow."

"When he returned he found a young girl trying to close the door, and the breath of the wind, and looking ruefully into the thick darkness. She was slender, and had pale delicate features; that was all he could make out by the light glimmering at her youth and timidity appealed to his heart at once. Besides, it was not a night on which a young and unprotected girl should be alone."

"Mrs. Hill is not in this evening," he said to the girl, supposing she had come here on some errand to his sister. "Have you been the housekeeper? She should not allow you to return alone."

"I have been sewing for Mrs. Hill to-day, sir," answered the girl; and somehow, her soft sweet voice thrilled the heart that was yet quivering to the old memory tune. "It took me longer to finish the work than I thought it would; but I had no idea it was so dark."

"And she shuddered as she looked down the street."

"Perhaps our paths lie in the same direction; it is not safe for you to go alone. I am Mrs. Hill's brother; will you allow me to accompany you?" asked the gentleman."

"She turned, and looked earnestly at him for a moment. It was a very fair, almost childish face that dwelt in that plain straw bonnet."

"Yes, sir," answered the girl eagerly. "I shall be very grateful for your company, for I am a sad coward."

"They had proceeded but a short distance when the wind sprang up fiercer and stronger, and whirling up the yesterday's snow, and shouting along the street."

"Wilton's companion stopped suddenly, and gasped. 'Oh! I cannot go any farther. The wind takes away my breath. It all goes down.'"

"Don't be afraid, my child. I shall take care of you. Hold your shawl before your face, and keep fast to me. There it's going down. We will proceed."

"What should I have done if it had not been for you? I should never have reached this stage of the world."

"And as she spoke, the gentleman heard the throbbing of the little coward heart against his arm."

"You should never venture out alone again on such a night," replied Wilton. "Have you no friend to come for you?"

"No, sir," she answered mournfully; "my mother died two years ago. She was the only relation I had on earth."

"Poor child! Involuntarily the gentleman's arm, for his kindness made her seem to him like a child."

"And with whom do you live now?"

"With Mr. Mason, who was a friend of my mother's after she came from England. We went there when I was a little girl, and papa lost his property, and died there. It was only twelve when we came back. It is four years. Mama lived two of these, and I was taking drawing lessons, and expecting to teach, when she was taken ill."

"After she died I lived a year with Mrs. Mason, and then she married Mr. Hughes, and I came back to my mother's home."

"I am hoping some time to lay by money enough to take drawing lessons again."

"This simple epitome of the past was murmured among the wind pauses, in a low, sweet voice that seemed to Wilton Hughes like music he had heard long ago."

"May I enquire your mother's name?"

"Wilton stood still. It was the one name burned into his soul. Just then the wind beat up hoarser, madder than before. He did not hear it, for the louder wind that was driving through his hair."

"The girl clung to him and shuddered. It was the first thing that aroused him."

"Don't be frightened," he said soothingly; "we are almost home, I think, from your description. Your mother and I were old acquaintances."

"They were walking on again. She looked up in an inexpressible surprise. 'If you please tell me your name?'"

"Wilton Hughes! Did your mother ever speak of it?"

"Oh, yes! I am so glad! How very strange! She left a letter for you the very day she died, and told me to be sure and keep it till I found you. Here we are at home! You will come in, Mr. Hughes, and get the letter?"

"He did not answer her, but he followed the light footsteps into the small brown house."

"The girl entered the parlor. It was plainly but decently furnished. An old but very pleasant looking woman sat by the small cylinder stove, and a lamp was burning on the table."

"Lena, I have been so worried about you," said the old woman, and then stopped suddenly on seeing a stranger."

"It is mother's old friend Mr. Hughes. You remember, Mrs. Mason," said Lena as she ushered the gentleman into the parlor."

"Mrs. Mason received him with rapturous expressions of delight. But as Lena threw off her bonnet, and saw the light, he could only think of her. The large hazel brown eyes, the fair, pure features, were so like those of his early-mind had loved, that he longed to draw the sewing girl to his heart, and rain down kisses upon them. Lena's father had bequeathed her hair and lashes their thick darkness, and given the proud curve to her lips in their repose; but in all else she was like her mother."

"Do you remember, Sarah, a young girl, a Miss Arnold, who some three years ago had been sewing for you a few days? She is to be my wife."

"Wilton Hughes!" shrieked both the horrified ladies; "will you disgrace yourself and your family? We will never receive her—never speak to her."

"Martha! Sarah! be still!" The tones were so stern and commanding, that even the proud women yielded to them. "Listen to me," and Wilton sat down and told

the world, and did good battle with it. He educated himself; he elevated his family; and at thirty-five he was a rich man."

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"Mrs. Mason received him with rapturous expressions of delight. But as Lena threw off her bonnet, and saw the light, he could only think of her. The large hazel brown eyes, the fair, pure features, were so like those of his early-mind had loved, that he longed to draw the sewing girl to his heart, and rain down kisses upon them. Lena's father had bequeathed her hair and lashes their thick darkness, and given the proud curve to her lips in their repose; but in all else she was like her mother."

"Do you remember, Sarah, a young girl, a Miss Arnold, who some three years ago had been sewing for you a few days? She is to be my wife."

"Wilton Hughes!" shrieked both the horrified ladies; "will you disgrace yourself and your family? We will never receive her—never speak to her."

"Martha! Sarah! be still!" The tones were so stern and commanding, that even the proud women yielded to them. "Listen to me," and Wilton sat down and told

the world, and did good battle with it. He educated himself; he elevated his family; and at thirty-five he was a rich man."

"He had but two sisters; and when his parents died they came to the city and married rich men. Proud, fashionable, elegant women they were—admired their brother, because the world did so, and yet dreaming little of the spring of poetry, whose clear waters gushed through and kept green the heart, so hidden from them. They called him odd, not less fastidious, and could not understand why he was so indifferent to women, with whom his graceful, half-indolent manner made him an especial favorite."

"Wilton Hughes lived with his sister—Mrs. Hill. She was the younger and perhaps he loved her the better of the two. But there was no sympathy between them. He was a mystery, and a very provoking one, sometimes to her; and she was to him like a book which one admires for the elaborate binding and gilded edges, but knows there is but little inside after all."

"And so Wilton Hughes sat there alone in his sister's drawing-room that winter afternoon, and the old years came up softly and sang a sweet song to him—a song of youth, and love, and hope—and he found after all, that the past still kept some pearls with which to quiver the present."

"It was quite late when he came back again to the paper and arm chair; and he smiled a sweet half-mournful smile to himself as he looked at his watch and murmured:—"

"'What time steals these reveries are! I guess I'll finish up those letters, and not go out till after supper.'"

"It was a raw winter night. Wilton Hughes stepped back for his umbrella, for he knew, as the wind met his face, it was going ready to snow."

"When he returned he found a young girl trying to close the door, and the breath of the wind, and looking ruefully into the thick darkness. She was slender, and had pale delicate features; that was all he could make out by the light glimmering at her youth and timidity appealed to his heart at once. Besides, it was not a night on which a young and unprotected girl should be alone."

"Mrs. Hill is not in this evening," he said to the girl, supposing she had come here on some errand to his sister. "Have you been the housekeeper? She should not allow you to return alone."

"I have been sewing for Mrs. Hill to-day, sir," answered the girl; and somehow, her soft sweet voice thrilled the heart that was yet quivering to the old memory tune. "It took me longer to finish the work than I thought it would; but I had no idea it was so dark."

"And she shuddered as she looked down the street."

"Perhaps our paths lie in the same direction; it is not safe for you to go alone. I am Mrs. Hill's brother; will you allow me to accompany you?" asked the gentleman."

"She turned, and looked earnestly at him for a moment. It was a very fair, almost childish face that dwelt in that plain straw bonnet."

"Yes, sir," answered the girl eagerly. "I shall be very grateful for your company, for I am a sad coward."

"They had proceeded but a short distance when the wind sprang up fiercer and stronger, and whirling up the yesterday's snow, and shouting along the street."

"Wilton's companion stopped suddenly, and gasped. 'Oh! I cannot go any farther. The wind takes away my breath. It all goes down.'"

"Don't be afraid, my child. I shall take care of you. Hold your shawl before your face, and keep fast to me. There it's going down. We will proceed."

"What should I have done if it had not been for you? I should never have reached this stage of the world."

"And as she spoke, the gentleman heard the throbbing of the little coward heart against his arm."

"You should never venture out alone again on such a night," replied Wilton. "Have you no friend to come for you?"

"No, sir," she answered mournfully; "my mother died two years ago. She was the only relation I had on earth."

"Poor child! Involuntarily the gentleman's arm, for his kindness made her seem to him like a child."

"And with whom do you live now?"

"With Mr. Mason, who was a friend of my mother's after she came from England. We went there when I was a little girl, and papa lost his property, and died there. It was only twelve when we came back. It is four years. Mama lived two of these, and I was taking drawing lessons, and expecting to teach, when she was taken ill."

"After she died I lived a year with Mrs. Mason, and then she married Mr. Hughes, and I came back to my mother's home."

"I am hoping some time to lay by money enough to take drawing lessons again."

"This simple epitome of the past was murmured among the wind pauses, in a low, sweet voice that seemed to Wilton Hughes like music he had heard long ago."

"May I enquire your mother's name?"

"Wilton stood still. It was the one name burned into his soul. Just then the wind beat up hoarser, madder than before. He did not hear it, for the louder wind that was driving through his hair."

"The girl clung to him and shuddered. It was the first thing that aroused him."

"Don't be frightened," he said soothingly; "we are almost home, I think, from your description. Your mother and I were old acquaintances."

"They were walking on again. She looked up in an inexpressible surprise. 'If you please tell me your name?'"

"Wilton Hughes! Did your mother ever speak of it?"

"Oh, yes! I am so glad! How very strange! She left a letter for you the very day she died, and told me to be sure and keep it till I found you. Here we are at home! You will come in, Mr. Hughes, and get the letter?"

"He did not answer her, but he followed the light footsteps into the small brown house."

"The girl entered the parlor. It was plainly but decently furnished. An old but very pleasant looking woman sat by the small cylinder stove, and a lamp was burning on the table."

"Lena, I have been so worried about you," said the old woman, and then stopped suddenly on seeing a stranger."

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